

# The Oxford Democrat.

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The Oxford Democrat.

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Dec. 17th, 1871.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 40 Middle Street,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.

Particular attention paid to collecting  
Dec. 25th, 1872.

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Successor to Dr. W. C. GORDON,  
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DENTIST,  
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.

Will visit BUCKFIELD the first Monday in  
each month and remain through the week.  
No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give  
correct satisfaction. Sept. 25th.

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(NOT COLD WATER CURE).  
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.  
WATERFORD, MAINE.  
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Nov. 14, 1871.

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Office—over Post. office.  
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able terms.  
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and will issue Policies at as favorable rates as any  
other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars  
or insurance, promptly answered, and any part of  
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Also on hand and for sale a lot of TIN-WARE  
and other things.  
G. C. REPAIRED—22

## Poetry.

### My Neighbor Over The Way.

I know where an old philosopher dwells,  
A bearded cynic of wit and sense.  
In a broad, white tent with curious calls,  
On the side of the garden fence.

He passes his days in a virtuous ease,  
Watching the world with his many eyes;  
And perhaps he is wiser when he sees  
How his tent entangles the moths and flies.

I have a neighbor, a legal man,  
We meet on the sidewalk every day;  
He is shrewd to argue, and subtle to plan,  
In my legal neighbor over the way.

He talks, perhaps, a trifle too much—  
But he knows such a vast deal more than I;  
We have in our village a dozen such,  
Who do not labor—the Lord knows why.

But they eat and drink of the very best,  
And the cloth that they wear is soft and fine,  
And they have more money than all the rest,  
With handsome houses, and plate and wine.

And I ponder at times, when tired and lame,  
How strangely the gifts of fortune fall;  
And wonder if we are not to blame  
Who have no life, yet pay for all.

Alas for the workers throughout the land,  
Who labor and watch, but wait too long,  
Who wear the vigor of brain or hand  
In trifling pleasures, and drink and song!

But my neighbor is one who understands  
All social riddles; and he explains  
That some must labor with callos hands,  
While others may work with tongue and brains.

Though he doesn't make it so very clear,  
Why he should care so much better than one  
Who does more work in a single year  
Than he in all of his life has done!

But he argues me out of all demand,  
With logic that fogs my common sense;  
And I think of the old philosopher  
Whose "single" hangs by the garden fence.

—Edith M. May.

—Edith M. May.

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—Edith M. May.

wrists, and lemon-colored kid gloves,  
completed a costume which, though cer-  
tainly becoming, could hardly be called  
appropriate for a stage-coach ride in a  
muddy spring day. Middleton's taste  
instantly pronounced it and its wearer  
hopelessly vulgar. She talked constantly,  
not only with the youth at her side, who  
seemed to belong to her in some way,  
but with all the other passengers. Her  
voice was a pleasant one, though its tones,  
like her laugh, were so loud as to jar  
disagreeably on Middleton's ear. Ordinarily  
it would not have occurred to him  
to be thus annoyed; indeed, his sense of  
humor might have been pleased by the  
young woman's shrewd and often witty  
comments on the incidents of their ride;  
but to-day he was ill and nervous, and  
his head tone, her unpolished and occa-  
sionally ungrammatical speech and vul-  
garly showy dress displeased and dis-  
turbed him. He bore it as long as he  
could, and then his impatience broke out.

Not loud enough, however, to be audible  
to the object of it. It was to his com-  
panion, the driver, that he exclaimed,  
"Confound that woman's tongue! Is there  
no end to her infernal chatter?"

The driver looked at our friend with a  
surprised and half-offended glance;  
but in a moment he answered, in a tone  
rather patronizing and tolerant, as  
though the person he addressed could  
really not be supposed to know any bet-  
ter. "Well, stranger, I guess you feel  
kind o' out o' sorts this morning. You  
don't look well, I s'um. Been sick,  
ain't ye?"

"Yes."  
"Well, it beats all how most any thing  
will kind o' hector a fellow when he  
don't feel just right. Now, for my part,  
I'd rather hear Lymp Tucker laugh than  
hear him preach; there's something  
heartenin' in it; would cheer a fellow up  
if he was blue as Moxey Mountain."

"I beg your pardon," said Middleton.  
"I did not know she was a friend of  
yours, and I meant no harm any way."

"Oh, well, there's no offence. Lymp  
ain't any thing to me in particular; but  
she's a girl I always like to have behind  
my horses."

"What did you call her?"  
"Lymp Tucker—short for Olympia—  
Deacon Ben Tucker's daughter; oldest  
of six."

"Are they all like her?"  
"If there was any hidden suer in his  
words the driver did not perceive it.  
"Not much," was his emphatic reply.  
"They're a pindin' set. She's as strong  
as a thrashin' machine, and as smart as  
chain lightning!"

"Indeed! What can she do?"  
"Well, I should like to have you men-  
tion anything she can't do."

Middleton's good-breeding constrained  
him to express an interest in the driver's  
theme which, perhaps, he did not wholly  
feel. The latter went on confidentially.  
Their seat being higher than the others,  
the loud rattle of the wheels kept their  
words within bounds.

"You see, Sir, Deacon Tucker he  
ain't never been a strong man, and was  
always rather feeble, and with his farm  
in it."

Then they've had a sight of sick-  
ness. Two of the girls died of consump-  
tion, and Mrs. Tucker she fell down  
stark and hurt the spine of her back, so  
she has scarcely done a day's work since.  
One year the deacon's crops failed, and  
the next he had bad luck with his cattle  
dying; an' so, with what sickness and ail-  
ment he had to mortgage his farm, and it  
had only three year more to run, and  
every body reckoned he'd have to lose it.

Then Lymp said that never should be,  
for she should earn the money to pay off  
the mortgage. She was eighteen then,  
and had done all the work at home pre-  
tend she could run alone. She went on  
spinning till she got money enough to  
pay her fare to Lowell, and then she started  
for the factory. I carried her down to the  
cars in my stage, and I happen to know that  
she hadn't but one gown to her back when  
she went away.

"Well, she got a good place, and she  
worked straight along, and sent home  
money—seven hundred dollars—and  
cleared off the mortgage, and took a deed  
of the place in her own name to make  
sure against accidents. That was six  
years ago or more, and to-day you would  
never know 'twas the same place. The  
house is all fixed up, and there's new  
furniture in it, and the deacon's as chirky  
as a cricket, and proud of Lymp, you'd  
better believe."

"He ought to be," said Middleton,  
heartily.

"Didn't I tell you?" asked the other,  
triumphantly. "And that ain't half.  
She hires a girl to wait on her mother,  
and she's sent the younger children to  
school—she never had any chance for  
schoolin' herself—and then—You see  
that boy back there with her?"

"Yes, I noticed him."

"Well, that's her brother John; all the  
boy the deacon ever had. He's seven-  
teen, and smart. Lymp's puttin' him  
through college, going to make a doctor  
of him, she says."

"She is a noble girl."

"Well, she's got the grit. You can't  
discourage her. She's bound to laugh  
right through every thing; and that kind  
always have good luck. Not proud nei-  
ther, though she's got money in the  
bank, and can afford to have things nice,  
now. Some difference," he continued,  
proudly, with a backward gesture, "be-  
tween that velvet cloak and the day I  
took her to the Falls with only one dress—

All bought with her own earnings too."

Middleton did not smile; he felt re-  
buked. Even the velvet cloak and dress  
that in the stage coach became respecta-  
ble to him in connection with that cheer-  
ful, courageous, unselfish spirit. If the  
girl had pleasure in these things, why  
should she not enjoy them? The driver  
went on, lowering his voice to a tone,  
still more confidential:

"They say—I don't know how true  
'tis—that Squire Danvers is kind o' bank-  
erin' round Lymp. He's a widower, well  
off, and got a nice place. But Lymp  
don't take a shine to him. She told my  
wife she didn't fancy second-hand goods  
no way. She reckoned matrimony was  
best fresh; she'd rather not take her'n  
warmed over."

Middleton's laugh was almost as hearty  
as that which had so annoyed him. But  
the driver's gossip was here interrupted.  
The coach stopped to let off the four  
log-drivers, and Middleton gladly avail-  
ed himself of the seat they vacated, it  
being more sheltered from the cold wind  
than the high one he had been occupying.

This movement brought him face to face  
with the owner of the laugh, and he  
could not help surveying her with a  
glance of curiosity. He had heard of the  
genus factory-girl, but perhaps had  
never before been knowingly in company  
with a specimen. There was nothing  
rude in his look; and the girl, observing,  
returned it with a steady, unabashed gaze  
in which there was no shadow of bold-  
ness. It was more as one man regards  
another; and Harvey's eyes were the first  
to fall.

The road was in a frightful condition.  
Sometimes the wheels on one side sank  
to the hubs in soft mud, while those on  
the other were tilted up on a snow-drift.  
The jolts and lurches were so painful as  
alarming, and Harvey in his weak state  
could hardly endure them. He leaned  
back and closed his eyes, but the deadly  
pallor of his face betrayed his suffering.

In a moment a pleasant voice addressed  
him. It was the factory-girl, who said,  
"You do not seem well, Sir. Perhaps  
it is disagreeable to you to ride back-  
ward. You are welcome to my seat,  
if you like to change."

"You are very kind," said Middleton,  
surprised. "The seat is very well, I be-  
lieve: only I have been ill, and the road  
is rough."

"Why, it is dreadful for a sick person.  
Pray take this thick shawl of mine. I  
am sure you could make yourself more  
comfortable with it."

"Thank you very much; but I would  
rather not deprive you of it."

"I do not need it, Sir; my cloak is  
very warm; and you can make yourself  
a pillow of it. Please take it!" and she  
leaned forward and arranged the shawl  
herself in a manner so comfortable as to  
be its own recommendation. He had  
not energy to remonstrate further, but  
leaned back and again closed his eyes,  
thinking the while how very handsome  
her work, and what a gentle touch she  
had. He lay thus for some time, paying  
little heed to any thing; but after a  
while his attention was attracted by the  
silk of those in front of him. The pale  
woman with the baby was questioning  
Miss Tucker concerning Lowell and its  
factories. She had a timid, nervous  
manner, and spoke softly, as if fright-  
ened at the sound of her own voice. She  
had been pretty once but now her face  
had a weary, hopeless look, which touch-  
ed Middleton's sympathies. Miss Tucker  
answered her questions with ready  
good nature, soon drawing from her the  
fact that she was on her way to Lowell  
in the hope of finding employment.

"Have you any friends in that city?"  
she presently asked.

"No."  
"But what will you do with your baby  
if you work in the mills?"

"I thought perhaps I could get some  
one to look after him, if I had the luck  
to find work."

"Haven't you any friends where you  
come from that would take him—your  
own folks?"

"No"—rather hesitatingly. "I haven't  
any folks—at least they don't care for me  
now."

"Where is your husband?" was the  
next abrupt question.

A fiery blush spread over the woman's  
face, and her lips contracted as if with a  
sharp spasm of pain, but she made no  
answer. Miss Tucker regarded her for an  
instant with surprise; then a sudden  
swift lifting of the eyebrows showed that  
she comprehended the case. She leaned  
forward and said, in a low tone, "I un-  
derstand; your husband is not living. I  
am sorry I spoke of it. What a fine  
healthy baby yours is!"

There was a gentle, womanly accent  
in her voice, which did not escape Har-  
vey's ear; and the ready tact with which  
she had covered the poor creature's em-  
barrassment, turning instantly from the  
painful theme to that which would nat-  
urally be most consoling, pleased and  
touched him. He looked at the over-  
dressed, loud voiced factory girl with  
more genuine admiration than he had of  
ten bestowed on any woman. Indeed, he  
was not an admirer of women in general.

A bachelor of forty, well-born, good  
looking, and rich, he might well have  
been a mark for managing mamma's and  
designing daughters, had he chosen to  
put himself in their way. But he was  
not partial to female society. The truth  
was, he had in his youth, when not so  
prosperous as now, been rather badly  
treated by a beautiful but worldly girl,

who, after encouraging his suit, suddenly  
jilted him for a wealthier rival. The ex-  
perience had somewhat shaken his faith  
in women in general; at least it had  
given him a distaste for their society.

He had two married brothers, but their  
matrimonial luck was not of a kind to  
make him envious. The wife of one was  
a very high-bred woman, a model of  
elegance and propriety in externals, but  
with the temper of a demon; the other  
was an amiable fool. So, on the whole,  
Harvey was content to remain as he was.

Unfamiliar with women, he was, as a  
rule, rather unobservant of those with  
whom he might be accidentally thrown,  
and indifferent to what they chose to say  
or do. So it was, in fact, an unusual  
thing that he should be listening now  
with interest to the talk of these two, one  
of whom was evidently no better than a  
pariah, and the other of a standard and  
culture so inferior to his own. He ob-  
served how the latter, though evidently  
comprehending the truth with regard to  
her new acquaintance, showed no shrink-  
ing or hesitation. She saw only her  
need, not her fault, and gave her all the  
advice in her power in a tone of grave  
but respectful compassion.

They rumbled and jolted along, the  
road growing more difficult with every  
mile, till, indeed, it was nearly impass-  
able. The old lady with the baskets grew  
crouser and more frightened at every  
jolt. She scolded the driver incessantly,  
as if he were somehow responsible for the  
state of the roads, and seemed out of  
patience with all the rest for not being as  
much terrified as herself. Her wretched  
husband slept continually, but managed  
to lurch forward every moment against  
the youth in front of him, till the latter  
very nearly lost his temper under the  
affliction. The baby fretted and cried;  
and as for Harvey, he grew so tired that  
he began to think he could go no further.

But discomfort and annoyance only  
seemed to bring out Lymp Tucker in  
greater strength. She laughed merrily  
at each fresh mishap, rallied the old lady  
out of her fears, and helped her to  
straighten out her smashed bonnet, which  
had come to grief from the jolting stage;  
she joked away her brother's ill humor,  
and produced from her satchel an orange  
which quieted the crying baby, and gave  
his weary mother a brief rest. Her un-  
failing good humor and cheerfulness had  
an effect upon all; even Harvey partly  
forgot his weariness in the lively talk in  
which she engaged him. She chatted  
with perfect frankness and some disor-  
der of grammar rules; but the quick  
wit and the shrewd common-sense she  
displayed made amends for much.

At last, in going down a long hill, the  
catastrophe which the old lady had been  
looking for came; the stage sank with a  
certain lurch into a deep rut, and one of  
the wheels snapped like a reed. Fortu-  
nately the vehicle was not upset, only  
stuck fast; but they could go no further.  
Here was a cheerful state of things! The  
nearest house was half a mile away, and  
they had the alternative of walking to it  
through the mud or of waiting there in  
the bleak March wind for an indefinite  
time till another conveyance was found.

The former course was plainly the wise  
one, and all scrambled out accordingly.  
Lymp Tucker drew up the skirt of her  
gay silk dress, thereby making a liberal  
display of ankles and undergarments,  
but the comely shape of the one and the  
spotless neatness of the other made it  
excusable. Then, taking possession of  
the kicking baby, and bidding her brother  
give his assistance to Middleton, she led  
the way across the fields, the whole com-  
pany taking up their line of march be-  
hind her.

Arriving, after considerable difficulty,  
at the farm-house, they had the satisfac-  
tion of learning that they must wait at  
least two hours for the repair of the  
broken wheel, and that they were still  
five miles short of the half-way house  
where they had expected to take dinner.

Of course they were all nearly famished  
after riding so long in the cold. The  
good-woman of the house seemed well-  
disposed to supply their wants, but she  
was alone and her hands somewhat lean,  
"I don't suppose you'd want fried pork,"  
she said dubiously. "I might kill a  
couple of pullets."

"That would take too long altogether,"  
said Lymp Tucker. "We should eat the  
baby before they would be ready."

"Well, I guess Jones's wife, down to  
the corner, would let me have some ham;  
but I ain't got no bread baked, then."

"Oh, never mind that. Give me the  
things to do with, and I'll have the  
bread made by the time you are back  
from Jones's."

"La, now," said the hostess, looking  
doubtfully at the fine apparel of her  
guest, "do you suppose you could?"

"You bring me the things and see,"  
replied the other, laying aside her velvet  
cloak and light kid gloves. The woman  
obeyed at once. Miss Tucker turned up  
the sleeves from a pair of large  
and handsome white arms and tied on a  
big check apron, while the hostess flung  
a shawl over her head and took her way  
across the fields to "the corner."

The only fire in the house was in the  
kitchen, so all the passengers sat round  
it and watched the preparation of their  
repast. The impromptu bread-maker  
flirted a flour-sifter, twirled a spoon in a  
pan, made several rapid passes over a  
board, and in an incredibly short time  
had produced a large panful of biscuits,  
which she set in a tin baker returned  
the hostess soon returned

and presently had ready a smoking dish  
of hot ham and eggs, which, with bis-  
cuits like snow flakes, made a very in-  
viting repast.

By the time the meal was well over  
the driver returned, with his wheel mend-  
ed, and they took the road again. Har-  
vey, who had paid his entertainer liberally  
for his own dinner, noticed the pale  
young woman approach and offer to do  
the same.

"That is all settled," said the hostess,  
and motioned with her hand toward Miss  
Tucker.

Harvey felt mortified that he should  
not have thought to do that kindness him-  
self. He overheard the poor woman's  
murmur of thanks to her new friend and  
the light laugh with which they were  
turned aside. He had come to like the  
sound of that laugh quite as well as the  
driver. He was not sorry when, on re-  
suming their places, he found Miss Tuck-  
er seated beside himself. He could no  
longer bear to be only the recipient of  
kindness, and he exerted himself to show  
to his companion all those small cour-  
tesies of the road which occasion allowed.

He talked very little, however,  
though he talked his very best; and his  
grave, respectful demeanor offered no  
index of the new feeling, as new as it  
was delightful, which really thrilled  
through all the pulses of his being. It  
was not merely respect for the fine qual-  
ities he had discovered in her, nor wholly  
his kindling admiration for her rich and  
glowing beauty, but an emotion com-  
mingle of and far transcending both—a  
delicate and subtle pleasure in the  
presence of a large and gracious woman-  
hood which his whole man's nature ac-  
knowledgeed and bowed down to.

The rest of their journey was accom-  
plished without accident, though not  
without delays, and it was quite dark be-  
fore, weary and mud-bespattered, they  
reached the town where they were to  
part and go their separate ways. They  
had left the stage, and Miss Tucker stood  
in the piazza of the public-house giving  
some directions about her luggage, when  
Middleton approached and, taking off his  
hat, addressed her.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I use too  
great a freedom. You do not know me,  
but I have seen too many proofs of your  
goodness to-day not to feel that I know  
you. I see that you have kindly taken  
under your protection the poor woman  
and her child who rode with us, and I am  
anxious to share with you the pleasure of  
assisting her. Here is a small sum of  
money which you will oblige me by  
spending for her use, and a card with my  
address. If at any time I can be of fur-  
ther service to her, you will do me a  
favor by letting me know."

The young woman took the card and  
the crisp bank-note that accompanied it,  
and expressed her thanks with a dash of  
embarrassment and timidity which she  
had not before shown, but which Harvey  
thought became her wonderfully.

"There is one more favor," he added  
with a little hesitation, "which I would  
like to ask of you. Would you object to  
give me your address?"

"Not at all," she answered, frankly;  
he thanked her gravely, bowed again as  
he might have done to a duchess, and  
walked away. The next day he was at  
his office in Boston, and she at her busy,  
responsible post in a great Lowell mill.

For just one week Middleton turned  
things over in his mind. The result was  
a resolution and a letter. The last was  
addressed to Miss Olympia Tucker, and  
contained a distinct and straightforward  
proposal of marriage. He recalled him-  
self modestly to the lady's recollection,  
referring to the journey they had taken  
together, and declared that the impres-  
sion which she had that day made upon  
him was such that he ardently wished to  
journey through life in her company. He  
told her who and what he was, his family,  
business, and fortune; enclosed the ad-  
dress of several persons through whom  
she might, if she wished, satisfy herself  
in regard to his character and standing;  
and concluded with an earnest request  
that she would permit him to visit her.

The letter, notwithstanding its abrupt  
and rather business-like character, was  
gentlemanly and respectful, and one which  
almost any lady might feel flattered to  
receive.

When it was sent he waited in a verita-  
ble fever for the reply. A week, almost  
another, elapsed before it came. He  
tore it open; his suit was rejected!

The keenness of his disappointment  
almost surprised himself. He had hardly  
been aware how deeply his feelings and  
his fancy were interested in this woman,  
whom he had known but for one day,  
and who had begun by offending his so-  
cial fastidiousness almost to the point of  
disgust. He took up the letter and read  
it again. It was written somewhat stiffly,  
as if it had cost its author a good deal of  
trouble, and now and then a word might  
not be spelt quite correctly; but it was a  
modest, womanly letter, dignified from  
its very simplicity. She thanked him  
sincerely for the compliment of his prefer-  
ence, though she felt compelled to de-  
cline his proposal. She had not done so  
hastily; she had considered his offer  
well. She did not even affect to conceal  
from him that a poor, hard-working girl,  
struggling single-handed with the world,

But she did not think it would be right  
for her to purchase ease and enjoyment  
for herself in that way. She was not ed-  
ucated for the circle to which he belong-  
ed, and if she were to take him at his

perhaps hasty word he might regret it  
some day. Then, too, he had a right to  
the love as well as the respect of the  
woman whom he should make his wife;  
and she could not pretend to give that to  
a man whom a week ago she had never  
thought of in any relation. She should  
always feel grateful to him for the honor  
he had intended her, and she wished him



# Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, JUNE 11, 1872.

## REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

**Ulysses S. Grant.**

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

**HENRY WILSON.**

"General Grant never has been beaten, and he never will be."—Horace Greeley.

## REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The people of Maine who hail with pride the

grand achievements of the Republican Party during

the past twelve years, and who still believe that

the future of the State and the country is in the

hands of the party which has so often and so

successfully defended the rights of the Union and

the rights of the people, are hereby invited to

send delegates to the Republican State Convention,

to be held at

Lewiston, Thursday, June 13th, 1872.

At 10 o'clock, A. M.

For the purpose of nominating a candidate for

Governor, two candidates for President and Vice

President, and one or more candidates for the

Legislature, and for other business that may

properly come before the Convention.

The basis of representation is as follows:

Each city and town and organized plantation is

entitled to one delegate and an additional dele-

gate for every seventy-five voters. The Republi-

cans are entitled to the same number of delegates

as the Democrats. The total number of delegates

is also entitled to a delegate.

Delegates are authorized to fill vacancies only

with actual residents of the County to which the

town belongs.

The State Committee will be in session at nine

o'clock, the morning of the Convention for the re-

ception of delegates.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Kennebec, Chairman.

WILLIAM F. FRYE, Androscoggin.

EREN WOODBURY, Aroostook.

FREDERICK ROBE, Cumberland.

WILLIAM F. LOW, Lincoln.

JOHN D. HOPKINS, Hancock.

PAUL STEVENS, Knox.

ANDREW LACY, Lincoln.

C. F. FARRINGTON, Oxford.

JOHN H. LYNDE, Penobscot.

E. A. THOMPSON, Piscataquis.

J. W. WAKFIELD, Sagadahoc.

SWALE E. FRESCOTT, Somerset.

S. G. THURLOW, Waldo.

IGNATIUS SARGENT, Washington.

LEONARD ANDREWS, York.

Z. A. SMITH, Secretary.

Portland, May 23d, 1872.

## The Nominations.

Reaching home from the Philadelphia

Convention, late on Saturday night, we

have not time to comment, this week, as

we would like to, on the results of that

grand gathering of representative men.

Every State and territory was fully rep-

resented, and unbounded enthusiasm,

not manufactured, but entirely spon-

taneous, prevailed. The nominations

were made by balloting, and every vote

was given for GEN. GRANT—a com-

mitment never before received by any other

incumbent of the Presidential chair.

Some of the ablest men of the country

were present, such as Gerrit Smith, Sen-

ator Morton, Governors Oglesby of Illi-

nois, Hayes of Ohio, Hawley of Con-

necticut, &c. A new element in a national

Convention appeared for the first time,

viz., the colored men, and some of the

most eloquent and stirring speeches

were made by them, which we shall re-

fer to at some other time. The nomi-

nation of Vice President was close and

exciting, but the contest was carried on

with the best of feeling. HENRY WILSON

will be a tower of strength to the ticket.

We give the platform, which republic-

ans can subscribe to with great satisfac-

tion, and predict a grand victory for the

party in November. The colored men

were out-spoken in their support of

Grant and condemnation of Greeley.

## THE PLATFORM.

The Republican Party of the United States,

assembled in National Convention in the city of Phil-

adelphia, on the 12th and 13th days of June, 1872,

again declares its high regard for the Union, its

position upon the questions before the country.

First.—During the past year, the country has

been afflicted with a severe and protracted

economic depression, which has caused

unparalleled suffering, and has brought

upon the people a heavy burden of distress.

Second.—The country is now afflicted with

an epidemic of crime, which has brought

upon the people a heavy burden of distress.

Third.—The country is now afflicted with

an epidemic of crime, which has brought

upon the people a heavy burden of distress.

Fourth.—The country is now afflicted with

an epidemic of crime, which has brought

upon the people a heavy burden of distress.

Fifth.—The country is now afflicted with

an epidemic of crime, which has brought

upon the people a heavy burden of distress.

Sixth.—The country is now afflicted with

an epidemic of crime, which has brought

the lawyers who have a monopoly of

this business. All these discharges have

the signature of either Cardozo or Bar-

nard!!

## Lumber.

Remarks of Mr. Frye, of Me., on the

Duty on Lumber.

On Friday, the tariff bill being under

discussion in the House of Representa-

tatives, Mr. Frye, of Me., moved to amend

so that the reduction of the duty on lumber

should not be so great. On this general

proposition there was a lively five minutes'

debate (all the time allowed to a

member under the rules) in which Messrs.

Frye, Lynch, Peters and Hale participated,

all strongly defending the Maine lumber

interests. Mr. Frye's speech was his first

since he entered Congress, but al-

though impromptu, was peculiarly per-

suasive and effective, as will be seen by

the Globe report, as follows:—

Mr. FRYE. Mr. Chairman, the deep

interest which my State feels in the sub-

ject now under discussion is my excuse

for adding my voice to that of the other

members of the Maine delegation. In

any action upon the question now before

the Committee of the Whole, I am gov-

erned by no selfish interest for my

State. I am governed by one single,

simple motive, and that is the equaliza-

tion of labor and capital, and I shall re-

joice as much as any living man when

there shall no longer be any need of

tariff legislation for that equalization;

when the laboring man of Europe shall

be lifted by the advance of civilization

up to the platform upon which the labor-

ing man of Maine, of New England, of

this country stands to-day; when the

capital of those old countries shall be

where the capital of this country is to-

day. Sir, on this question of lumber I

am governed by that interest, by that

purpose, and by that motive only.

Why, sir, how much labor enters into

the manufacture of lumber? Let me

tell gentlemen of this House that the

stumpage in the State of Maine to-day

will not average over \$1.50 for spruce

and hemlock lumber, while the manu-

factured lumber will bring in the market

fourteen to sixteen dollars a thousand.

Deducting profits and commissions, over

eighty per cent. of the price of lumber

to-day in the United States is made up

of the bone and muscle of the country;

and with my principles I never could

consent to a vote which should reduce

the wages of that bone and that muscle.

Sir, where ten thousand men are at

work in the woods of Maine to-day,

there are right within the sound of their

axes ten thousand more men across the

St. John river. On the one side wages

are two dollars a day; on the one side

are children and schools; on the one

side is good food; on the one side are

intelligent men. On the other side

are no common schools; on the other side

you have ignorance and meanness of

every description. Sir, I vote not to

pay a bounty to the men on the other

side. I vote to keep the wages of our

own citizens where they are to-day. This

principle governs me in my action,

whether Missouri, Indiana, or Maine be

the State immediately interested.

If I know my own heart, my voice

shall be raised, or at least my vote shall

be given, every time, to keep the dignity

of the laboring man of my country on

the platform to-day occupies—to raise

it, I can; and by the influence of our

institutions to bring up the laboring men

of Europe to the same platform.

[Here the hammer fell.]

Mr. Farnsworth.—I would like to ask

the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Frye]

one question before he takes his seat.

Why do not the men on the other side

of the St. John river come over and get

two dollars a day?

Mr. Frye.—Thank Heaven, they are

coming over by thousands. I received

yesterday a letter from my own State

saying that within three months five

hundred Canadian Frenchmen with their

families had immigrated into the city

of Lewiston to earn the wages that are

paid there.

## State Temperance Reform

Convention.

The State Temperance Reform Con-

vention convened at Augusta on Wednesday,

the 5th inst. There was quite a large

number of delegates present from the

various Clubs throughout the State.

Before proceeding to business, the

second day, a religious meeting was held

in which some thirty persons participated.

Many of the speakers were reformed

men who testified that they owed their

deliverance from the bonds of intemper-

ance not to their own strength, but were

saved by the grace of God.

The following pledge was presented,

and a Constitution and By-Laws were

passed by the Convention, giving uni-

formity to the meetings of the Clubs:—

We, the enrolled members of the

Temperance Reform Club, do solemnly

promise before God and these witnesses,

that we will not make, buy, sell or use as

a beverage, any spirituous or mal-

liguous, wine or cider, and that we will

in all proper ways discourage the man-

ufacture, sale and use of the same.

Article 8th of the By-Laws reads as

follows, and if strictly adhered to, will

secure the permanency of the organiza-

tion, as a great moral agent in the re-

form:

ARTICLE 8. No political or sectarian

subject shall at any time, or on any oc-

casion, be admitted or discussed in the

Club.

In the afternoon, the convention was

addressed by Messrs. Murphy, Bryant,

McCurdy, and others.

At the evening session, Granite Hall,

addressed by R. L. Fogg of Augusta, H.

M. Bryant of Lewiston, Rev. Mr. Mc-

Curdy of Mass., Rev. A. J. Church of

R. I., Mr. Fitzgerald of Brunswick, and

Gen. F. S. Nickerson of Searport, E.

F. Pillsbury, Esq. The Hall was crowd-

ed with a large and appreciative au-

dience. After the speeches, the President

made the parting address, and the con-

vention adjourned.

—More rain on Sunday and Monday.

## A Flying Visit to New Sweden.

We rode on Monday afternoon last to

New Sweden, and returned on Tues-

day. The enterprise, industry and skill

manifested by the colonists, and the im-

provement obvious every time we visit

that town, are among the pleasant and

strange things of that community. Less

than two years ago it was a wilderness.

Now in the centre of the town are a hun-

dred acres under improvement, and nine

or ten neat and well finished buildings.

All over the township are large fields

which are being sowed to crops of grain

or planted to potatoes, beans, &c. Many

of the colonists have twenty to forty acres

under cultivation. We saw wheat two or

three inches high, and their grass fields

are unusually green. Near the centre of

the township are some fields which are

covered with a very heavy growth of cedar,

a company have located a steam engine

and a shingle machine of the latest and

best construction, with which they are

cutting fifteen M of shingles per day. It

is the only steam engine in Aroostook

county, and the skill with which they

operate it shows that some of them at

least have mechanical genius. They cut

fifteen M of shingles per day, which

being done every day amounts to a large

quantity of shingles in a year. There is

no danger of their failing, for they do

their own work, own the lumber, have

no stumpage to pay, and all the money







